

The Bystander.

Is the Malihini Christmas Tree Worth While?

Is the Malihini Christmas Tree worth while? Is it quite the proper thing to ask people to contribute to this one more charity fund in this year of dwindling dividends, tariff reduction and the high cost of living?

I say yes. The Malihini Christmas Tree returns big dividends. It returns more to the ones who contribute than it gives to the children, and, why should there be several hundred Christmas-less baby boys and baby girls in this sun-kissed city, even if the rich have to pay fifty cents a pound for turkey and cannot buy each other as expensive presents as usual? The high cost of living has hit the family where it is the staff of life, just as hard as it has hit the people who simply have to have plenty of eggs in their cake even if they do cost six cents each.

The little ones who are looking forward to the Malihini Tree do not know anything about the sugar tariff, but they do know that Santa Claus will not come this year if anything should happen to the Malihini Tree. They do not know anything about free sugar in 1916, but they do know that their little arms ache for a really doll, with really hair. They have not worried their little heads over dividends. They never heard of a dividend. But they have their hearts set on being in line when that glorious tree glitters forth again in the Christmas morning sun. And they must not be disappointed. And they will not be disappointed.

Is the Malihini Christmas Tree worth while? Let me give you here what Katherine M. Yates wrote about the last tree, after it was over, and see if it was not worth while, and if it will not be worth while again this Christmas. This is what she wrote:

"Wasn't it a tremendous success—the Malihini Christmas Tree? "I, for one, certainly added a memory of luxury to my collection, and from the expressions upon all of the faces about the playground, such was the only kind that came off of the Christmas tree that day. Big folks' faces and little folks' faces—baby faces and wrinkled faces—wary faces and cheery faces, all were warmed with that intangible glow which means tenderness for mankind and a happy, sunny feeling about the heart. These are memories which will hold their place and be decorated with a lei in commemoration, on every Christmas day for a long, long time to come. "Did you ever stand for an hour or two and drop deliciously sticky cakes all covered with raggedy pink and white coconut frosting, into yawning paper bags held tightly by clanking, eager little hands, each cake followed into the depths by big, fascinated eyes? Don't you think that it would be a rather wonderful experience?"

"And there was plenty of everything for everybody. That was the splendid part of it. After the tickets were all honored, there was still enough left for the ticketless little folks hovering about the edges, watching, eager-faced, anxious, half hoping, wholly fearing; and these were all gotten into line, furnished with wide-mouthed bags, and sent up the enchanted lane, past the wonderful tables where stout Santa Claus' assistants, ready to drop into each bag all sorts of toys, pop corn, oranges, and the rest of the fascinating array of Christmas necessities.

"When one first approached the grounds and saw the lines of children, one's heart sank with a deadly qualm—it didn't seem as if there could possibly be enough for so desperately many—and wouldn't it be dreadful to be a kiddie near the end of the line drawing nearer and nearer for more than an hour, and then, just before you quite reached the paradise within the gate, to hear some one say 'Pass?' And wouldn't it be tragic to be a grown-up and see such a thing happen?"

"But there was no such calamity to befall anyone. The 'good fellows' saw to it that there was enough of the wherewithal to purchase plenty for everybody—and they got their pay—they surely did! One man who bought a good, big, beautiful memory almost as soon as he landed on the island, said: 'It was the most beautiful sight that I ever saw in all my life.' Now wasn't that worth buying? Think of gazing at a long line of children feeling the way that those children were feeling, and looking the way that they were looking, and saying to one's self: 'The joy of as many as from there to there, belongs absolutely to me! I gave it, and at the same time I kept it and yet I also gave it to everyone else who is here to see. This is one of the times when I, and a lot of others, eat my cake, and still I have it.' Pretty good investment don't you think?"

"And how well everything was planned, so that it all went off without a hitch. Right by the gate was a table laden with paper bags. Blessed be the one who furnished that idea. Big paper bags, not little stinky ones. And the scouts in charge handed out a bag to each one who entered the gate, and another scout watched to see if the children thought quickly enough to open them and have them ready, and it not, a deft brown hand descended and thrust them wide, and a touch sent the wee one in the right direction.

"And for hours the close line of little people passed first the cake boxes, where cakes were tossed in, and then, while small heads bent over gazing after the cakes, a gaily striped tin horn dropped in beside them, and then two big glass marbles, and then a doll, or a ball, or a knife. Not a wee little cheap doll, but a fine dressed doll in a box by itself. A doll in a box is much more wonderful than just a mere doll. The most of the boxes were too big for the bags, and had to be tucked under arms while the owner fled along, tight little hands holding the yawning bag, and a toy, a hair ribbon, a big apple, a big orange, a big paper-wrapped popcorn ball—all tumbling in on top of each other. That was one of the splendid things about it—everything was big—even to Santa Claus and the tree! It wasn't a cheap treat with little skimpy things, but everything was fine and big and good enough for anybody—and no 'little old things' in the whole playground.

"And such children as they were! Every nationality, every age every sort of costume, but every single one in the very best bit and tuckered out the family wardrobe afforded. Such pathetic little efforts at finery for the occasion—such consciousness of best frocks! 'Just see,' said one of the women at the ribbon table, 'some of these girls have on the very ribbons that we gave them last year, and see how carefully they have been kept.'"

"Such a well behaved crowd as it was, too. Think of it—over two thousand children, about twenty-five hundred, in fact; boys and girls of all ages, without their parents, and in sight of tables loaded with gifts, and those blessed youngsters staying calmly and quietly in line, and not one single case of pushing or shoving or crowding or even vulgar scuffling to get to the front. Isn't that a credit to Honolulu? Wouldn't it be a credit to any place on earth? And didn't they deserve every bit of Christmas that they got?"

"There were so many 'little mothers' in the line—the girls carrying wee folks in their arms or on their backs, and holding open two big bags—tenderly soothing babies frightened by the many strange faces, on reaching down to take out a cake for the little one to decorate itself with. One small girl staggered under the load of a baby twice too big for her strength, and tried to hold open two bags at the same time; and when a pretty young girl attempted to take the baby and walk beside her, the wall that the 'little mother' was up was so strong that the pretty girl had to turn her attention to carrying the baby while the wee one being held and let the small girl resume her waddling load. The bags were precious, and ardent eyes followed everything that dropped into them; but better take a chance of losing even those, than that some one should pilfer the much more precious baby.

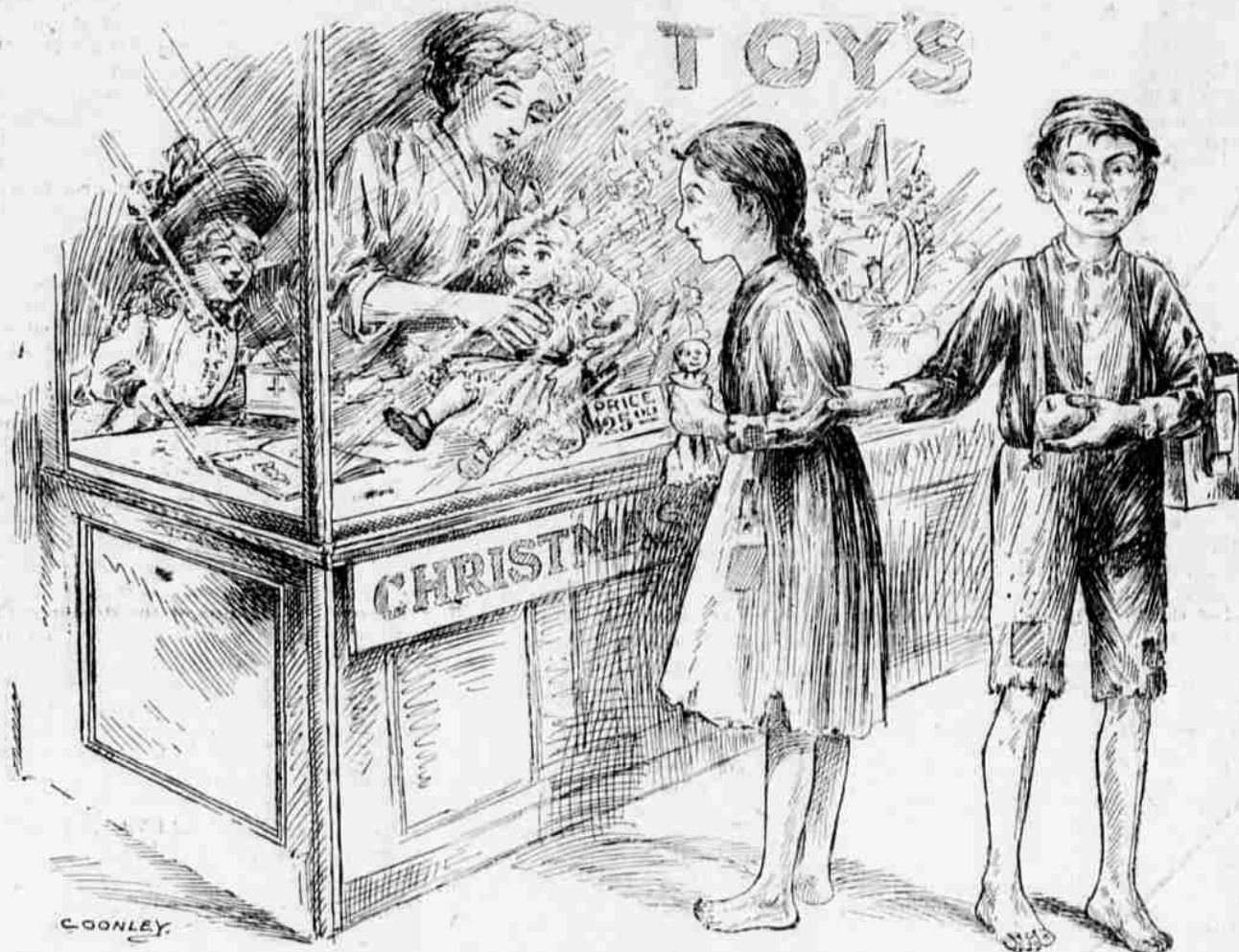
"And there were grown-up mothers, too, some with two or three children clinging to them, and the mother even was even more eager than those of the children, as they watched the bounty dropping into the bags; for to the mother love, it was a treasure more great than it could possibly be to the little tots themselves. For bags, after all, the mothers profited out of the tree, more than any one else. The children's Christmas is a very real thing to a mother, and the lack of it—something that we don't want to think about.

"And what is your opinion of the Boy Scouts now? Didn't they do themselves proud?" As some one there remarked: 'All of the fine adjectives in the dictionary wouldn't fit them out as they deserve.' They were strictly on duty every second of the time, and the way that they organized and kept that long, serpentine line of little folks in moving order, and kept it moving at the right end and in the right direction, was a marvel to all beholders. And they did it courteously, too. Courtesy is a large factor in the Boy Scout movement, and as courtesy is only rightly formed and rightly directed kindness, the things which they are learning and the experiences which they are acquiring now, at the impressionable age, are going to have a big effect upon their whole future lives, and upon the future lives of their entire generation, and upon many generations to come. When a boy or girl, man or woman has formed the habit of kindness and courtesy to everyone, no matter what other's stage of life, he has acquired an adjunct to his character which is going to make the world revolve more smoothly for many ages yet to be.

"Didn't it look rather fine to see a straight, trim youngster in uniform, take the hand of a wee toddler—and not a clean, dainty, attractive toddler, either, but one from a home that you would rather not look into—to see him bend down and take hold of a smudgy hand and hold it while it clutched one side of a bag, and walk down the line while the bag was being filled, bending at a back-breaking angle, rather than deprive the little fellow of the pleasure of holding the precious receptacle with his own hands, while the rain of surprises dropped in. Or to see him take a little one up in his arms and carry him and the bag down the line, chatting with him about the things which came and were coming. And wasn't it good to see him comfort a frightened little one and coax her back into line and keep her in charge until she forgot her fear in her astonishment at the wonderful things which were coming her way—and then go back to find another frightened or bewildered or too-tired scrap of humanity?"

"That 'be ready' attitude of theirs is a splendid thing. There

ON THE OUTSIDE LOOKING IN



Whom the Malihini Christmas Tree Will Cheer.

was no 'What-shall-I-do-next?' aspect to their work at any point; but they used judgment and acted with both kindness and dispatch. Emergencies didn't seem to phase them, but they guessed right every time—and they got results. To learn to think quickly, and to think right the very first time, and act in accordance, is a pretty big thing, not only for them as boys, but as training for the men that they are going to be. Watch them for the next ten years!

"Taking it all together, it was a splendid Christmas. What matter if those blessed infants did promenade past me all night long, holding up yawning paper bags which, because of plum pudding, I had to traverse the entire universe to find things to fill, and never, never succeeded, no matter what astonishing things I gathered together—things which kicked holes in the bags and chased the children and performed all sorts of pranks unfitting for well-behaved Christmas presents! The children had a perfectly fine time—but think the grown-ups had the best of it—they had a glorious Christmas—and they earned it!"

The Knight of the Soap Box.

In the days when the world was wide, and every day had thirty hours in it, and sleep was a vexatious waste of time because there were so many interesting things to do and see and hear, The Bystander wandered down to the "tierra caliente" of Mexico and he let himself be lulled by the soft, warm, and perhaps even today, Barranquilla, Colombia, was the hottest pestilential fever-hole in all Spanish America. On its altar our consular service offered up about four victims a year—all editors except those who were crossroads politicians. About twenty or thirty years ago an editor who was sent to Barranquilla broke all traditions by living out his full four-year term of service. Also, because he was a man whose pen had written friendships into the hearts of many men, the press clubs or ad clubs of thirty years ago on his graduation back from the consular service of Latin America, met and with much pomp and circumstance conferred upon him the title of "Knight of the Soap Box."

High Private Jones Remembers.

As the regiment closed in ones, twos, and stood in the drizzling shower resting on its arms so as to sneak for the half hour sent before the automobiles bearing the visiting naval officers came in sight, High Private Jones, picked up his rifle and ran his hand along the barrel, scattering a handful of moisture, and looked at his beautiful polished gun stock with regret.

"Well, if these guys don't get inquisitive I'd be satisfied," he

thought. Private Jones, who upon the rear rank which had learned to recognize the symptoms picked up its ears for the wherewithal. But was it disappointed? "Reminds me of the time a Japanese major general visited Fort William McKinley several years ago. That was just after Liao Yang and Mouiden and Jap generals were the racking constellations in the military firmament those days. They showed the general a big time in Manila, and brought him up to look so great at McKinley. Turned out as usual, horse, feet and gait, and gave the general the gaily, eyes right, and all that sort of thing. Then he came round and inspected us and had a look at our equipment."

"The 5th Infantry had the biggest bunch of fancy orderly-looking guys ever got together in one outfit. Every one of those outfits had a piano case finish worked into it and a coat of white enamel on top to preserve it. You could handle one of those guns all day and a rub with a chamis would fix it up like new. And nobody had any fault to find. Well, this general admired a bunch of the and asked a few questions, and then he went on his way."

"Next day though we got an order. Twenty-four hours, it said, to get those high lights off all rifles. You know what the book says. Nothing but raw linseed goes on the wood. Gee but that was sweet. Some fellows had got to be experts at finishing those things up and the fellows who had just got done paying to have theirs fixed had to get out with the rest and scrape, sandpaper and dope all that beautiful business off again, and the air was full of curses and maledictions.

"I can get over this little rain all right, but I hope these people don't get inquisitive like that general."

Investigating Committees.

Talking about the modern tendency to start "investigations" instead of doing things, the human race hasn't learned very much in five thousand years. The Bystander understands that one Moses started on an excursion to the "land of milk and honey" at the head of a large party of emigrants and tourists in early Hebrew times. When he got almost there some fool suggested that he appoint an investigating committee. Then, because he sat down and waited for the committee to file their report, Moses never reached the promised land.

There have been more investigations of things Hawaiian in the last fifteen years than people realize. Isn't it about time to reform and start doing things and let the investigations slide?

Shaves in England.

Consul Franklin D. Hale reports all the way from Huddersfield, England, that an old country shave costs six cents, a shampoo one dime, haircut twelve cents, while the latest and most up-to-date

Small Talks

SHERIFF JARRETT.—I am investigating.

CADDY RYAN.—I am always glad when the New Year comes around, for it means that the Seventeenth of March is not far off.

OFFICER DANKBERG.—Have you noticed how everybody looks at me when I stand in the middle of the street and everything moves smoothly?

J. E. DURAO.—I am glad Governor Pinkham is coming. He used to be my friend before and now I have a few things I would like to call his attention to.

CHAIRMAN WIRTZ, of the Civil Service Commission.—The supervisors treat us discourteously. That is no reason why we should not be polite to everybody.

JOE FERN.—It is not everywhere where the mayor dances the tango. I like the dance because there is life in it and because the wahine who discovered it must have danced the hula-kai.

W. T. RAWLINS.—I have all the affidavits relating to Detective Holbrook in my possession now. The sheriff appears to be working hard on the case, but if nothing develops in the proper time I will shoot.

M. C. PACHECO.—In looking over the lists of the numerous committees and subcommittees appointed to receive Hon. Jeff McCann, I fail to see the name of Soapbox Barron. How did he get lost in the shuffle?

W. H. SMITH.—There has been some rain in Hilo but the weather has now cleared. It has to rain to keep the Hilo people from burning up the rest of the island with their enthusiasm. It takes a good deal to keep Hilo down.

EDITOR M. G. SANTOS.—One special number of O Luso a year is enough for me, thanks. With the assistance of the finely equipped printing department of The Advertiser we got out a number which cannot be excelled anywhere.

SUPERINTENDENT CALDWELL.—It's a pretty serious proposition to ask most anybody to take water, but when I am asking the good people of Palolo, Kaimuki and Waialae to take water I mean it for their good. This is the point.

W. R. CHILTON.—If some of the automobiles I have just inspected were to be going up a hill and were to "kill" their engines, there would be no way to prevent an accident. A remarkable number of brakes on rent cars are on the bum.

SUPERVISOR PACHECO.—To correct a wrong impression, I wish to say that I believe in bonding the City and County of Honolulu only for the specific purpose of erecting a city hall that will be a credit to Honolulu, and the building of an emergency hospital.

AUDITOR JOSEPH H. FISHER.—Hist! The boss is coming soon and the stillness which is observed now in the Capitol is but the calm before the storm. What will the harvest be? is a question which many of my friends would ask themselves, if they dared.

JOHN C. ANDERSON.—The friends of the Wainale Industrial School and the Girls' School at Moiliili can help us a good deal, in the case of the first mentioned by donating phonograph records they may not have use for and in the latter instance a phonograph and some accompanying records.

L. L. McCANDLESS.—I agree with The Advertiser's editorial of yesterday morning. We've got to get the business of government down to business basis. The war cry of the community ought to be "Scraps the baronies off," where city and county government takes part of the loaf of the territorial government, cut out the dead wood at the top.

CHARLES A. COTTRILL.—I wish the waterworks people could fix it so that the rain would keep off during the hours scheduled for a ball game. I think it is a shame that the rain should have just poured yesterday, for I wanted to see what the All-Hawians could really do to the All-Chinese. I must see my friend Caldwell about this water question.

CHARLES HUSTACE JR.—It is about time for the agencies to begin to loosen up and pay out some of the money that belongs to the shareholders. A few years ago when sugar was selling for three and a half cents the plantations paid enormous dividends. Why they can't pay any dividends today is a mystery to me. Let them pay something instead of nothing.

RAYMOND C. BROWN.—After a man has been away from Hawaii for a year or two and comes back he can realize to the full extent what it means to be a citizen of the Paradise of the Pacific. The fact cannot be denied that Hawaii is distinctly "on the map." Wherever I went there was the keenest interest in the Sandwich Islands. In Portugal they leave off "Islands" and talk about going to "Sandwich."

D. L. CONKLING.—Among the very few people who observe the law of the road in traversing the Capitol grounds is Chief Justice Robertson. In the morning he enters the Hotel street gate and keeps on walking to his right on the Ewa side of the building and in the afternoon he enters from King street and takes to the Whi-ki end. He believes in observing the rules and following the right procedure.

ALFRED MOORE.—I do not entirely agree with The Advertiser on the lines of naval development. The same relative proportion exists today between the guns in fixed emplacements and guns afloat that has always existed. The value of battle cruisers lies in their speed—their ability to dodge in, deliver a swift blow—and dodge out again. The battle line will always be the battleships. They have the armor and can take punishment, and give it.

English Homes of Washingtons

It will be recalled that a feature of the proposals for celebrating the one hundred years of peace between English speaking peoples is the purchase of Sulgrave Manor, the ancestral home of the Washingtons. Considerable progress, we learn from the English papers, has been made toward raising the requisite funds, and incidental to the movement there has been marked revival of interest in the English ancestors of the "Father of his Country," says the Boston Transcript.

With no desire to dispute the claim of Sulgrave to be the home of the generation of Washingtons which immediately preceded those emigrating to America, other localities have put forward claims to association with the great name of our first President. Among these is Whitehaven, in Cumberland, which asserts that some of the Washingtons, presumably near kin to the future President, long lived there. Whitehaven also endeavors to make a case for itself as the point of departure for America of the Washingtons from whom descended the great George.

Whitehaven's assertion, which it put forth in the eighties without attracting more than provincial attention, has recently been strengthened by an old chain of research, which illustrates the value geology may occasionally have for the genealogist. Some two or three years ago an English visitor to Mount Vernon learned that the stone flagging of the floor of the portico had been imported from Great Britain. Washington's correspondence established the fact, but did not indicate from what quarry the flagging or paving had been obtained. The English visitor, having in due time obtained samples of the flagging, began a quest among British quarrymen which eventually led him to Whitehaven.

There it was shown beyond all peradventure that the stone came from the Sandwith quarry at St. Bees. The identification was made complete by the peculiar circumstances that in the quarry there are a few beds of white stone intervening between layers of red sandstone. Some of the flagging at Mount Vernon is faintly colored red on its lower side, and examination in the Sandwith quarries shows that this red tinge runs through on the lines of development found in the Virginia portico.

With this geological fact for a basis the Whitehaven antiquarians have once more determined to show that Sulgrave is not the only place to be honored by association with the Washington name. These same antiquarians have found that there were Washingtons in Whitehaven for almost three-quarters of a century, that the name was not uncommon and that many of the bearers of it were Johns, Lawrence and Mildreds. There, he it remembered, were favorite given names with the Virginia Washingtons. What is regarded as a fact that clinches the connection of the Virginia Washingtons with Whitehaven is the probate of the will of Mildred Gale, whose first husband, a Lawrence Washington, died in Virginia in 1697. He had property in England, and his widow, who was the mother of George Washington's father, went to London to prosecute certain legal business in connection with the settlement of the estate.

The papers, which are still on file, show that she had meantime become the wife of George Gale, a prominent citizen of Whitehaven. Her second marriage was of brief duration, because the record of her burial, found in the register of St. Nicholas Church, Whitehaven, is of the date of January 20, 1709. Her will makes reference to three children by her first husband, her second son being the father of George Washington. The Whitehaven antiquarians contend very plausibly that inasmuch as there were other Washingtons in Whitehaven toward the close of the seventeenth century, the widow of the Virginia Washington in going to Whitehaven was visiting among her husband's kin, and that her grandson in ordering the Mount Vernon flagging was throwing some business to "the old town."

The Cedars of Lebanon

All that now remains of the cedars of Lebanon is a little forest of some four hundred trees, which are rigidly preserved. They lie on a small fertile plateau, situated at an altitude of 6,123 feet above sea level. The grove is reached from Bshreh by a steep and winding road.

With the exception of a few stragglers the grove is inclosed by a neat stone wall built by a former governor of Lebanon to protect the smaller trees from goats.

The older trees have always occupied a position of honor in the estimation of man because of their connection with the temple built by Solomon and the various allusions to them in the Bible.

Among the dwellers in Syria, where forests of tall trees do not exist, the cedars naturally excite admiration, and a modern Syrian writer says of them that they are undoubtedly the most lofty of all the vegetable kingdom. We know, of course, that this is hardly the case, for the famous redwood trees of California reach a height of over three hundred feet, while in Tasmania the blue gum is almost as large as far as height is concerned. The cedars are actually about 100 feet high, which is more than the height of the trees of an average forest.—Sole World Magazine.

FOREMASTER PRATT.—The postmaster has been exceptionally favored in handling his Christmas mail. The frequency of steamers to the Coast has enabled us to avoid the congestion that has marked some of the preceding years. Thus, too, people have tried to get their Christmas mail off on the early boats which has helped a whole lot.